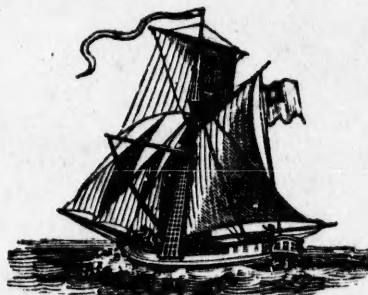


Late Dreadful High Wind!

They that in ship, with courage
bold,
O'er swelling waves their trades
pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view
Sometimes the ship's toss'd up to
Heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves ap-
pear;
Then down the steep abyss are
driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with
fear.



They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine
oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful seamen know,
Which way to steer, what course
is best.

He does the raging storm appease.
And makes the billows calm and
still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

PSALM CVII.

Awful Disasters at Sea, Wreck of the "Harvest Home," and Total Loss of the "Lady of the Lake," with 170 Passengers for Quebec.

THE Lima, Capt. Mardon, when about 400 miles from Newfoundland, being completely surrounded with ice, descried a boat at some distance. The captain instantly hove-to, and took the individuals in her on board. They reported themselves to be the second mate and 12 of the crew of the Harvest Home, Captain Hall, of Newcastle, from London: they informed Capt. Mardon, the Harvest Home was struck by a piece of ice which stove in the bows. All hands were immediately put to the pumps, by which means they succeeded in keeping the vessel afloat for two days at the expiration of that time the second mate and 12 of the crew quitted her in the long boat, the captain and first mate having come to the determination of stopping on board. After they had been out one night, they returned to the vessel, and requested the captain and mate to leave her, but they refused, saying, that "they would stick to her while a timber remained afloat." The crew having again pushed off, they became bewildered among the masses of ice, by which they were surrounded and totally uncertain what course to steer. On the next day, they again fell in with their own vessel. This time they found the captain and mate had left her. Two of the crew now went on board and while busy in endeavouring to get more water and provisions, they were surprised by the sight of a boat containing about 30 individuals approaching in an opposite direction; they immediately boarded the vessel, in the hope of succour. They proved to be the captain and crew, and part of the passengers (including two females) of the Lady of the Lake, of Aberdeen, bound from Belfast for

Quebec, with upwards of two hundred passengers on board. Those who had boarded the wreck of the Harvest Home, when they saw the state she was in, with her hold full of water, made a simultaneous rush to return to the boat, which was at that moment pushed off, and several of them were precipitated into the water. One of them, however, was fortunate enough to make good his leap into the boat, which contained the crew of the Harvest Home, and he has now arrived in Liverpool, in the Lima. He states that the Lady of the Lake struck upon the ice, and immediately filled, when the Captain and crew took to the boat, leaving the sinking vessel crowded with the remainder of the despairing and shrieking passengers, to the number of 160 or 170. The crew of the Harvest Home state that after they left their vessel the last time they saw nothing more of the other boat. Several of the individuals who had fallen into the sea when the latter was pushed off, were drowning, but it was impossible for them to render them any assistance.

Late Dreadful High Wind.

On Tuesday last, there was a violent hurricane in the metropolis, that never, for its severity was ever felt in the month of June. Chimney-pots were blown off in all directions; numbers of trees in the Parks and Gardens were torn up by their roots. At Half-way Reach between Greenwich and London, a boat containing a fisherman and boy, was blown over, and both drowned. The son of the Dean of Ripon, was, by a sudden gust of wind upset in a boat off Lambeth, and drowned. Vast numbers of ships were drove from their moorings in the river, and much injured. A girl gathering the fallen limbs of trees in Hyde Park, was killed by the falling of an elm tree; in fact, it is impossible to calculate the extent of the havoc and loss.

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